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Judge

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HANDS OFF!

No interference with the citizen-soldier!

Judge

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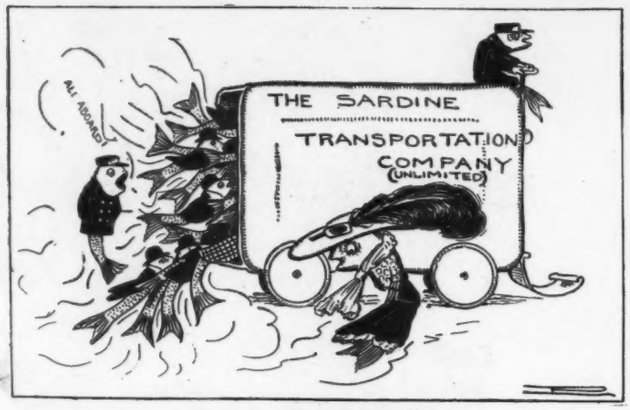


IN THE SUBMARINE AUTO.

MISS SARDINE—"How am I ever to get into that car with my new hat?"

IN

NEVER stare a gift automobile in the tooter.

* * *

WE NEVER get things backward when we put the automobile before the horse.

* * *

THE AUTOMOBILE has not yet side-tracked the horseshoe as an emblem of good luck.

* * *

THE LATEST variation of an old saying now reads, "That is an automobile of another color."

* * *

THE LATEST WAY of giving one an intelligent idea of the absolute worthlessness of another is to say that he is as useless as would be a fifth wheel to an automobile.

* * *

IT TRIES, even if it does not fracture, the patience of the most philosophic chauffeur, when he is whirling through the dust like a mad, untamed thing, to have a horse-fly alight on his nose.

* * *

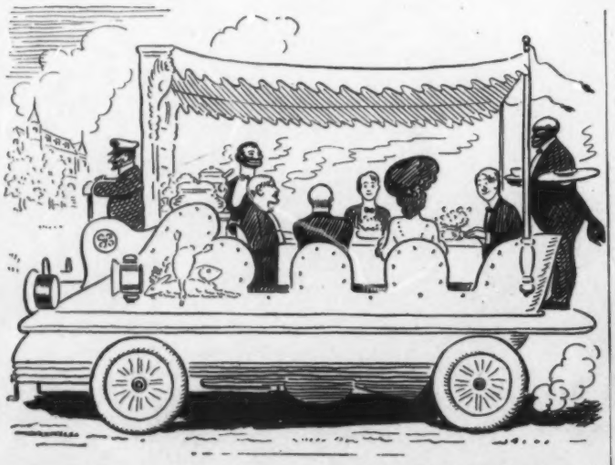
OH, GASOLINE! oh, gasoline!
You fill the chauffeur's soul with song.
'Tis Ara-bee
The blest that he
Knows when you send him swift along.

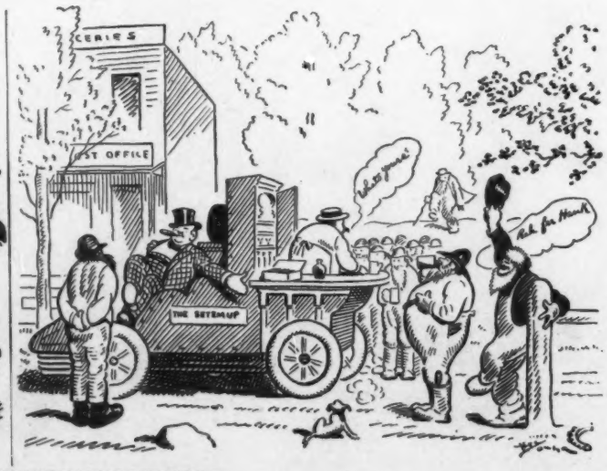
Oh, gasoline! oh, gasoline!
You pant and puff in manner bold,
And push the red
Machine ahead
And knock the grim mosquito cold.

UNCLE SAM understands the subtle art of picking winners as no other man knows it. He has had a long and varied experience in this important field, and to prove that he is a magician worthy of the name and all that it implies it is only necessary to point to the gilt-edged fact that he owns and lives on the crest of the wave of happiness as a result of his selections. He now takes an occasional spin on his automobile of prosperity, to see how the crops are coming along and what the factories are doing, and he displays sound judgment and rare good sense in selecting Mr. Roosevelt as his chauffeur; for the president not only never meets with an accident, but always breaks the record into smithereens as regards time. Uncle Sam well knows that Roosevelt on an automobile is a repetition in spirit and general all-round get-thereness of Grant on a horse and Dewey lashed to the mast; and, knowing this, he is naturally happy and wears a broad grin that may be regarded as the index of a soul overflowing with joy and satisfaction. It may be said without fear of contradiction that Uncle Sam has picked the present incumbent of the white-house to win in 1904.

* * *

IT WAS an extra large feather, and of the finest quality, in the cap of the Pennsylvania supreme court when that august body decided that the hands of the labor union should be kept off the citizen-soldier. Uncle Sam's citizen-soldiers do not fight for the kind of union that would close his factories and paralyze his industries. They fight for the union that they have so far helped to preserve, and which they will go right on preserving despite the tactics of the labor combinations, whose best efforts are in tearing down and not in building up. Voracity, and not veracity, is the motto of this army of soreheads, which it always has been and always will be. Their object unsublime has always been to rule or ruin, and when they flagrantly overstepped the bounds of decency a halt was called, and they learned the valuable lesson that they can do neither. It is to be devoutly wished that the lesson may do them lasting good and cause the scales to fall from their eyes, and at the same time fill them to overflowing with the imperial nickel-plated fact that the American citizen-soldier, backed, as he is, by an American court, is a fighting proposition that will easily prevail against any howling, fire-eyed horde of anarchists that has the insolence to associate itself with and declare war under the honorable and everlasting flag of labor.





SUGGESTIONS TO AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS.

A car for the society youth whose main object in life is eating and giving "swell" dinners.

And one for politicians, with a saloon connection, for use in the heat of campaigns.

THE FUTURE GEOGRAPHY.

"JOHNNY WISE," says the teacher of the class in physical geography in the year 1940, "you may tell us what are the principal characteristics of the state of Indiana."

"Indiana," responds the pupil, "is a thriving agricultural state. Its soil is especially adapted to the culture and propagation of all species of political booms. There the common or garden variety of senatorial boom may be seen flourishing in rank luxuriance with no cultivation whatever. The gubernatorial boom grows magnificently along the banks of the Wabash, and the post-office boom springs up on every hillside at intervals of four years. The presidential boom grows there better than in any other section of the country. It often attains a height that is amazing, and throws out its feelers until they reach across the state-line."

"What other interesting fact do you know concerning Indiana?"

"In 1909, in a hitherto unexplored section of Posey county, there was discovered an active volcano, erupting thousands of tons of dialect poetry and historical novels. The finding of this volcano was hailed by scientists as a welcome explanation of the mysterious flooding of the country with these books."

"What are the occupations of the inhabitants of Indiana, Johnny?"

"The men all run inter-urban trolley lines, edit newspapers, or hold office. The women belong to clubs."

"What do the children do?"

"The children in Indiana begin writing comic opera at an early age, and unless this tendency is curbed they inevitably progress to the hopeless stage of the disease, when they spend all their time inventing new dialect expressions."

"You may bound the state."

"Indiana is bound to be heard from."

AN EXPLOSION.

"Cholly says that his auto is a bang-up machine—what kind is that?"
"I'm sure I don't know; but it has exploded three times already, I believe."

THE USUAL WAY.

First actor—"This having to walk back to New York is pretty tough."

Second actor—"Yes. This is what comes of starting out in a play called 'The Automobile.'"

NO ROOM FOR HIM.

THE reckless automobilist pulls up at the foot of the cinder-path and toots two or three times, until the iron gate of the warm regions opens cautiously.

"What do you want, sir?" asks Mephistopheles.

"Want to come in," answers the automobilist.

"I guess not!" cries Meph. as the door clangs shut. "There's trouble enough in here since I admitted a bunch of golf-players. They've got all my imps caddying for them. If I let you come in you'll make this place too hot to hold me."

NO WONDER.

CHOLLY—"My uncle is very rich, and I am his sole heir."
EDITH—"No wonder he hangs on to life so!"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELEANOR ROBSON.

You own fame's airy fairy gold, which, with the gold you make,
We trust may ever with you dwell and never winglets take:
But may you ne'er corral enough to leave the stagelet where
You frisk and frolic while you kick the daylights out of care.

A NEW PERFUME.

THE druggist smiles at the chauffeur who enters. Without a word he goes to his perfume case, takes from it a small phial of extract, receives a dollar from the automobilist, and bows him politely out.

"I'm selling lots of that odor," he says.

"What is it?" asks the man leaning against the cigar-case.

"Auto of roses."

"Auto? You mean attar."

"No; I mean auto. It is essence of roses, with a dash of gasoline. It is manufactured especially for motorists."

HINT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO MAKE an automobile salad: Take a pneumatic tire, squeeze out the wind, wipe dry, run it through the meat-chopper, mix with crushed stone, cover with a dressing of gasoline, sand and train-oil, and garnish with accident-policies.

IN-MOOSE MEADOW.

"So Sue Perkins hez accepted that feller from Podunk?"

"Yes; but I don't b'leeve she knows much about him. She only met him day before yesterday."

"Oh, well, that's long enough fer Sue Perkins to find out all about him an' everybody else in Podunk."

A VETERINARY SURGEON NEEDED.

THE amateur automobilist tries to go through a ten-mile-ordinance town at the rate of forty miles an hour. At the intersection of the main streets he whirls into a collection of cables, chains, fence-posts, and other barriers. He is dug out of the wreck and carried into the first doctor's office his rescuers see.

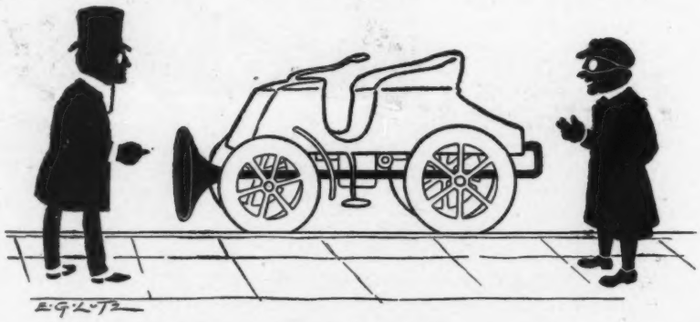
"I can't do anything for this man," says the doctor. "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"You're the right man, doc.," moans the amateur automobilist. "I was a jackass to think I could run that machine."

THE DEADLY AUTOMOBILE IN THE WILD WEST.

Tourist—"I suppose Brimstone Ike has killed his man."

Native (witheringly)—"His 'man'? Why, Ike has got five nicks in the steerin'-handle of his automobile already."



THE LATEST.

"I say, old chap, what's that queer thing on your automobile?"

"Why, that's an idea of mine to utilize the gasoline odor. It throws it far to the front and does away with the bell and horn. Much more effective, too."

A HAYSEED'S OPINION.

"How far is it to the next town, uncle?"

UNCLE RUBE—"It's about two sights and a right smart way by foot; but I reckon it ain't so fur with thet there machine."

THOUGHTFUL PAPA.

THE watchful father comes upon his daughter and her lover as they are about to elope in an automobile.

"One moment, my children," he says.

Startled, they look guiltily at him.

"Let me suggest," he remarks with a bland smile, "that you elope by the aid of two horses and a carriage, and I will pursue you in the auto. The horses, you know, are sure not to break down."

Kissing her father, and blessing him for the good, thoughtful, generous papa he is, the girl bids him farewell, and soon the old gentleman is hiring a farmer to haul the played-out automobile back to town, while an expression of rare satisfaction beams from his visage.

FULLY QUALIFIED.

"AND," says the plutocrat who is engaging his corps of servants, "you say you would like a situation as chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir," answers the applicant.

"Well, did you ever run an automobile?"

"No, sir; but I was a mule-teamster in the army for four years."

UNEXPECTED.
"Hello! I didn't expect to run across you to-day."

RATHER TAME TO HIM.

THE intrepid explorer has reached a hitherto unknown portion of India. There he finds an obscure tribe of heathen, who are holding their annual festival of the Juggernaut. Having won their favor, he is permitted to witness the spectacle. Noticing that he seems to feel rather a small interest in the sight of the victims being crushed beneath the huge wheels of the gaudily-bedecked carriage, the chief priest says,

"Doesn't the exhibition appeal to you, sir?"

"In a way, yes," responds the intrepid explorer; "but, you see, I used to run an automobile at home."

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.
POLITE AUTOMOBILIST—"Pardon me, madam; I hope we don't intrude."

WORSE YET.

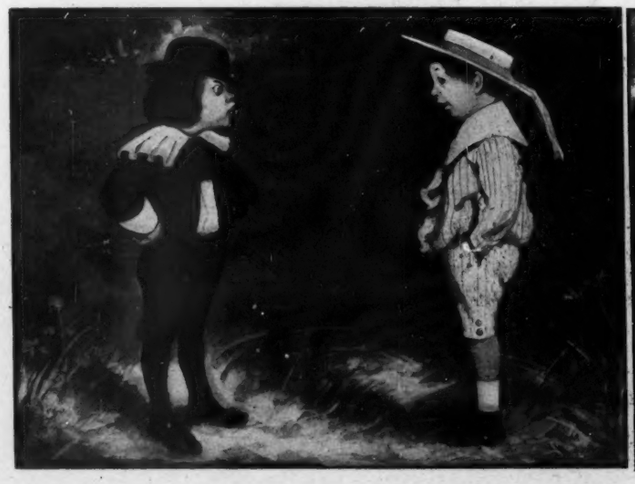
"NO, SIR," protests the man with the big cap and the goggles; "I would not have a horse. A horse simply eats its head off all the time. Give me an auto."

"Huh!" comments the man who wears a horseshoe scarf-pin. "A horse may eat his head off, but an auto is apt to blow your head off."

HOW IT LOOKED TO HIM.

THE city ordinances compelled all automobiles to be numbered. This explained why, when Mr. Bumpit was run over by Auto No. 33, he informed the investigating officer,

"Of course I noticed the number. It was 333,333,333,333,333."



IF SLANG WERE EXACT.

TOMMY (*annoyingly*)—"I know your girl's name. Shame on you, shame on you!"

JIMMY—"Aw, go——

——fish!"

CRUEL MAN.

"MY DEAR," telephones the brutal husband, "wouldn't you like to take a horseless trip with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, that will be lovely!" answers the trusting wife.

"All right. I'll be home in a few minutes."

She is waiting at the door for him when he arrives. To her surprise he comes around the corner on foot.

"Why, where's the auto?" she asks.

"The auto?"

"Yes. Didn't you say we'd take a horseless trip?"

"I did, my dear; and now we will go out for a walk."

WHAT HE WANTED.

"Look here! This bill for that automobile I sold you has been running for over a year now."

"Let her run. I want to have something connected with my automobile that will run for over a half-hour without stopping."

THE MODERN VETERINARY SURGEON.

THE absent-minded man who had telephoned to the veterinarian to come with all possible haste greeted the latter apologetically when he appeared breathless before him.

"I am very sorry to have called you out, sir," he said with real repentance; "but I was so flustered at the time of the accident that I forgot for the moment that my automobile and not my horse was injured."

"Oh, that is all right!" exclaimed the veterinarian in the exuberance of youth. "I am able to handle the case. After I was graduated from the medical college I took a post-graduate course in automobile-repairing."

IN THE ADVANCED NURSERY.

"WHY," says the visitor to the nursery of the Muchstuffs, "all the children's dollies seem to be torn and battered and mangled until they are total wrecks."

"Yes'm," answers the maid. "You see, mum, it's little Algernon, mum. His father give him a auto-hobby-mobile on his birthday, an' he makes the other children set the dolls in line while he runs over them."

FOR A RAINY DAY.

"YES, Mr. Fidgette is a stickler for harmony," observes the friend.

"I have noticed that he has some peculiarities," commented the acquaintance.

"I should say he has. Why, when it rains he puts on his storm-shoes and a rubber coat and duck trousers."

THE LAST STRAW.

THE RECTOR—"But can't you love your neighbor as yourself, Mrs. Poseybedd?"
MRS. POSEYBEDD—"Well, no; not since they began keeping chickens."

AN ABSOLUTE RULER.

SEE the policeman, where he stands,
Impressive, proud and fat.
He checks the automobilists
And lays the law down flat.
They mind his stern, uplifted club,
For he's an auto-crat.

A FIERCE CHARGE.

"SEE that fellow across the street?" asks the guide.

"Who — that little fellow with the stooped shoulders and the squint?"

"Yes. He made the great auto charge during our late war, after the army had been equipped with the horseless carriages."

"Well, he doesn't look anything like a hero to me."

"Oh, he's not a hero. He doesn't even pretend to be."

"But I should think that a man who had faced the bullets of the enemy and braved death on the bloody field"——

"Back up! That fellow never saw a battlefield."

"He didn't? Then how could me make an auto charge, as you say he did?"

"He had the contract for repairing the government's automobiles."

NO ENTHUSIAST.

MIKE—"An' do yez love this counthry, Pat?"
PAT—"Well, not enough to be mishtaken fer an English diplomat, begobs!"

REALISTIC.

"THIS," said the dramatist, who was elaborating the scenario of his new play to the manager, "is to be a realistic society drama. The heroine makes a thrilling entrance in an auto."

"What does she do then?" asked the manager.

"Why, of course she meets the hero and the villain and the soubrette and the rest, and the play goes on to the usual happy ending."

"Well, you start realistically enough, but you weaken on your finish."

"How's that?" asked the puzzled playwright.

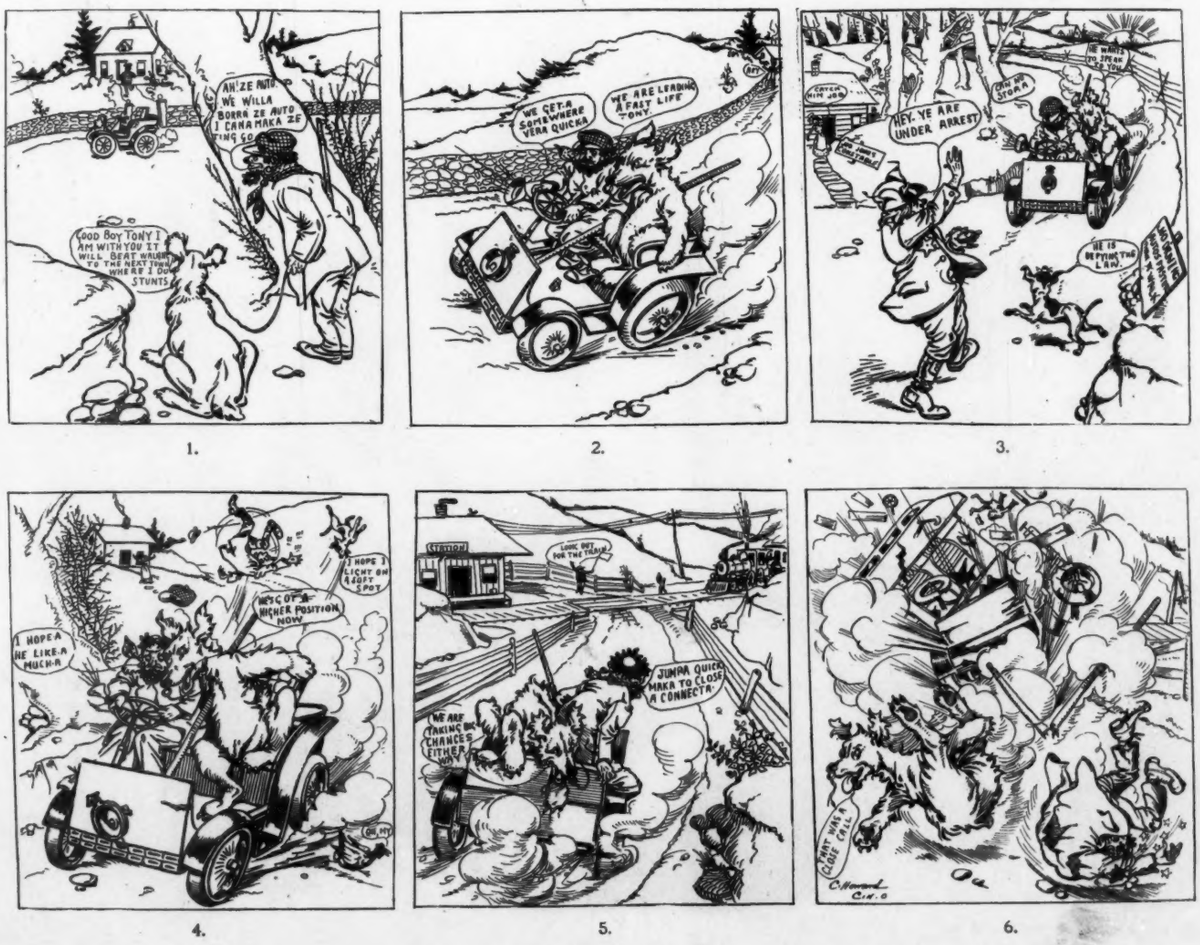
"If she's going to come in on an auto she and a few of the rest ought to make their exit in an ambulance."

THE HORSELESS STAGE.

"A HORSE!" shouts Kit Marlowe, who has consented to enact Richard III. at a benefit performance for William Shakespeare. "A horse, a horse! Meh kingdom for a horse!"

Here old Mother Shipton, who occupies one of the boxes, leans over the railing and calls,

"Did I not some time agone predict that ere long we should see the horseless stage of the world?"



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THE RUNAWAY AUTO.

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MAKING A REC

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York

A RECORD SPIN.

HOW IT LOOKED.

MOTHER—"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?"
DAUGHTER—"I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-dollar hat than in the one that cost twenty."

HERLOCK SHOLMES AGAIN.

"THIS glove," said Herlock Sholmes, the great detective; "this glove speaks to me of a great mystery."

"I knew it would," said Swatson, who had brought the glove to him.

"Yes," said Sholmes, lighting a cigarette and putting his feet on the mantel. He puffed in meditative silence for some minutes. "Now," he resumed, "the question is"——

"The question is where and when was the murder committed," interrupted Swatson with the keen haste of a man who is tickled to death at anticipating the thoughts of a great personage.

"No, that is not the question," replied Sholmes, while Swatson, shrank swiftly into his natural state of subjection. "The question is, shall we work it up into a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-word novel or merely make a short sketch of it?"

Swatson vouchsafed no reply, save to motion to his empty pocket.

"Ah, we need the money at once?" smiled Sholmes. "Then it shall be a short sketch, for the cash comes much more quickly from the magazines than from the royalties on a book." For some moments he pulled at his cigarette, then laid the glove in the open palm of his right hand. "This glove," he deduced, "was worn by a young woman who belongs to one of the best families. How do I know that? Because she was on her way to the manicurist's. How do I know she was? Because you picked it up in front of the manicure-shop across the way. I saw you. Very well. I know she was going there because she was in a hurry, and she drew the glove from her hand before she entered in order to save time. She had an engagement for the theatre. How do I know that? They all have. Yesterday she bought a copy of 'Lady Rose's Daughter' at the book-shop in Main street. How do I reason that out? The newspapers advertised a special sale of the story at that shop for that day. She plays golf. I deduce that because she plays bridge-whist. I am positive of that because she has a lap-dog. I am sure of that because she is a pianist. I discover that because of the shape of the fingers of the glove. I venture the opinion as to the other attributes of her elevated station because she is an automobilist."

"Keen, keen!" cried Swatson. "But how in the world do you deduce that she is an automobilist?"

"Smell the glove," commanded Sholmes.

Swatson did so. The scent of gasoline was overpowering.

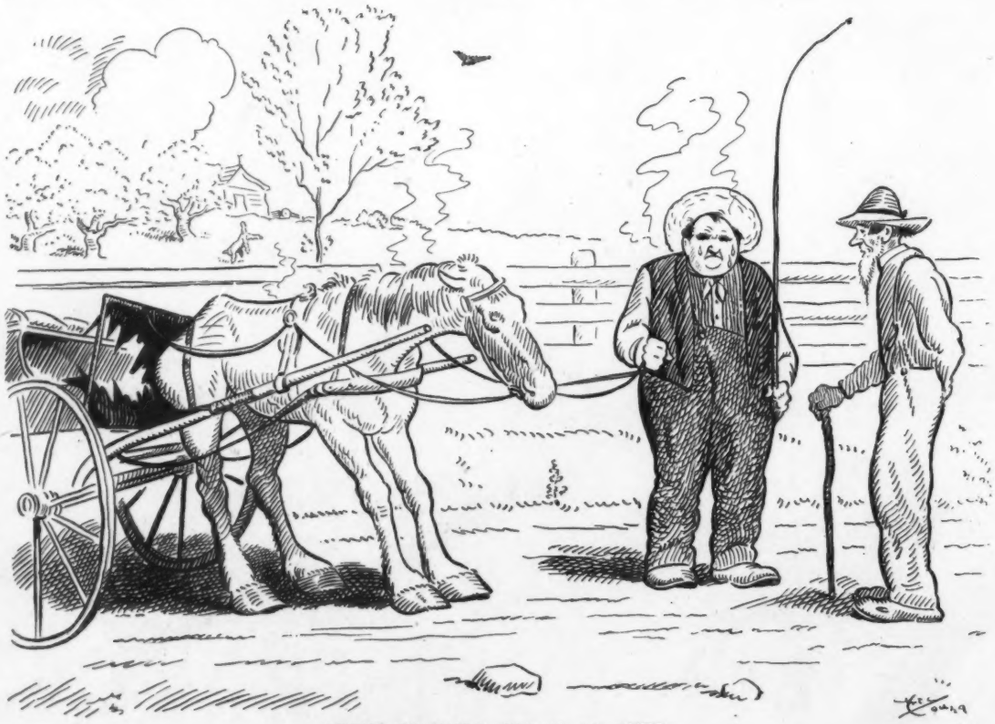
"Now, Swatson," kindly said Sholmes, "don't you see how I did it all? I smelled the glove first and then deduced all the rest. I have cultivated the hab"——

"Excuse me, Mr. Sholmes," spoke a slender lady who had entered unnoticed, "but I took the liberty of running up here to ask if Mr. Swatson did not pick up my glove. I thought I saw him do so, and I knew I would find him here. I had cleaned the gloves with gasoline and hung them on my window-ledge to dry and one of them fell."

She took the glove, smiled her thanks, and left.

"Do you know who she is?" asked Sholmes after the door had closed.

"Yes," replied Swatson. "She is the manicurist."



ABOUT AS MUCH USE AS AN AUTO.

FARMER JONES—"Gosh! haow d ye ever cum tew swap fer sech a fool hoss as thet?"
FARMER SMITH—"I wuz deceived, Hiram. I thought the feller I swapped with wuz a saloon-keeper, an' durned if he wuzn't a deacon in the south Baptis' church."

Wife—"I wonder why the birds never come around any more? I used to feed them bits of my sponge-cake on the window sill."

Husband—"That accounts for it. They are either dead or disabled."—*Chicago News.*

An exquisite flavoring for punch, lemonade, water ices, wine jellies, soda-water, grape fruit, sherry, and all fancy drinks is Dr. Siegert's world-renowned Angostura Bitters. Ask your dealer for Dr. Siegert's, the only genuine.

"Why is it," asked the youth, "that so many wise men are not successful?"

"Because, my son," answered the sage, "they spend so much time finding out how things happen that they forget to go ahead and make things happen for themselves."—*Washington Star.*

"Jane, do you believe in predestination?"

"No, sah. I don't b'lieve in none 'o dem new-fangled breakfuss-foods—no sah."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Rollingstone Nomoss—"Here's a piece in de paper wot says de great trouble wid de American people is dat dey eat too much."

Hungry Hawkins—"Hully gee! An' people gits paid fer writin' t'ings like dat!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

It was the morning after, and he wanted a small loan.

"I admit that I am temporarily hard up," he said, "but that's because I can't realize."

"Can't realize on what?"

"On my thirst. If I could only sell that thirst for half what it cost me I'd be all right."—*Chicago Post.*

If you are a "bon vivant," drink the best Champagne on the market. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

Tommy—"Ma, can I play makin' believe I'm entertainin' another little boy?"

Mamma—"Yes, dear, of course."

Tommy—"All right. Gimme some cake for him."—*Philadelphia Press.*

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

The Cleanest Thing on the Road

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines

Holds the World's Record for

QUALITY

30 Years The Standard

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO., NEW YORK.

THE USUAL TROUBLE.

LAWYER—"You want me to draw you up a good, strong will, I suppose?"
GOTROX—"Er—yes; but not too strong to work."

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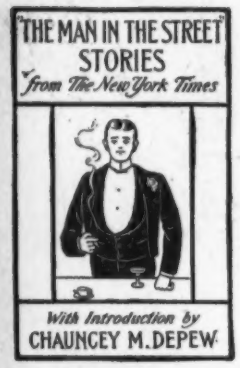

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Whar de babies is at—
Git inter line wid de babies!

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En makin' yo' moans.
Come ter de kissin'—
Lawd bless yo' sweet bones!—
Git inter line wid de babies!

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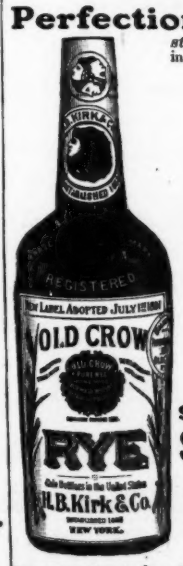

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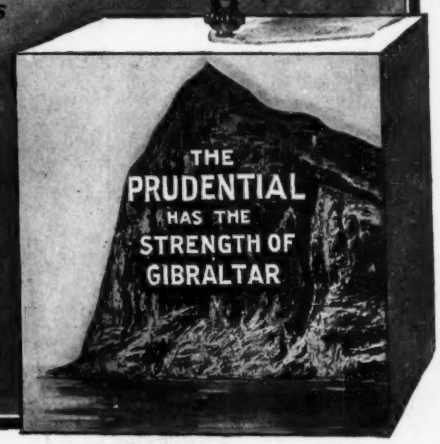

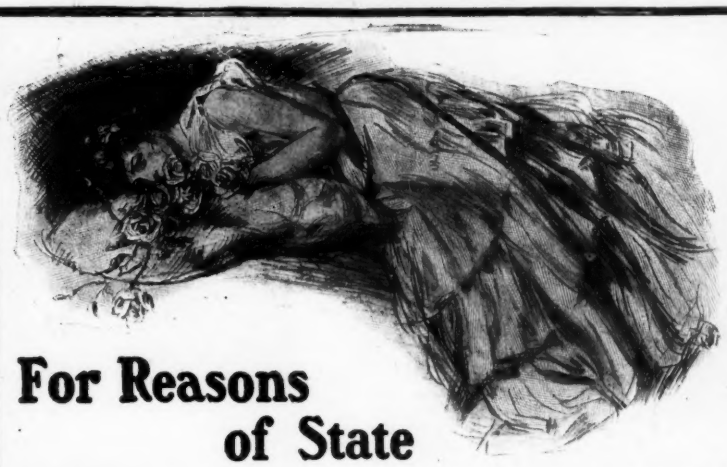

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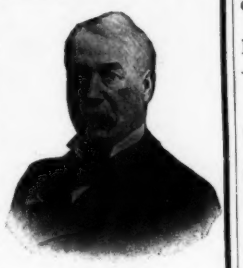

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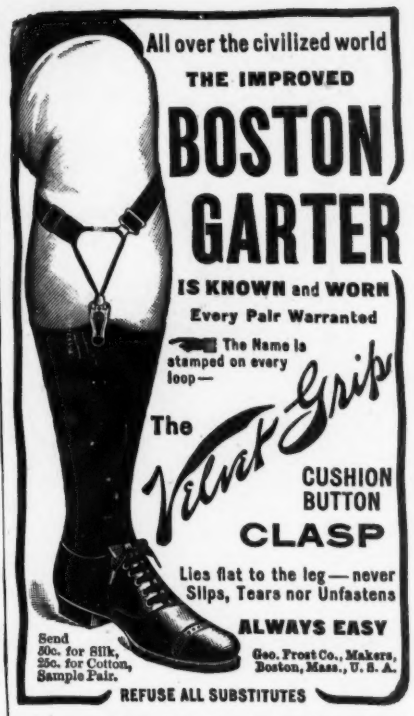

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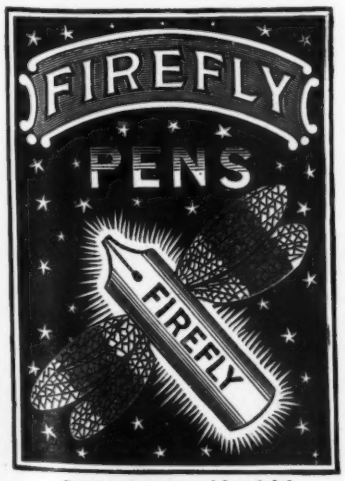

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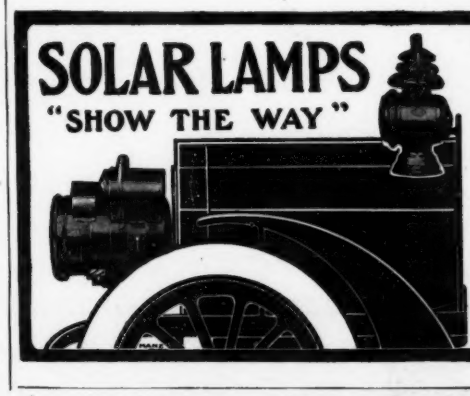

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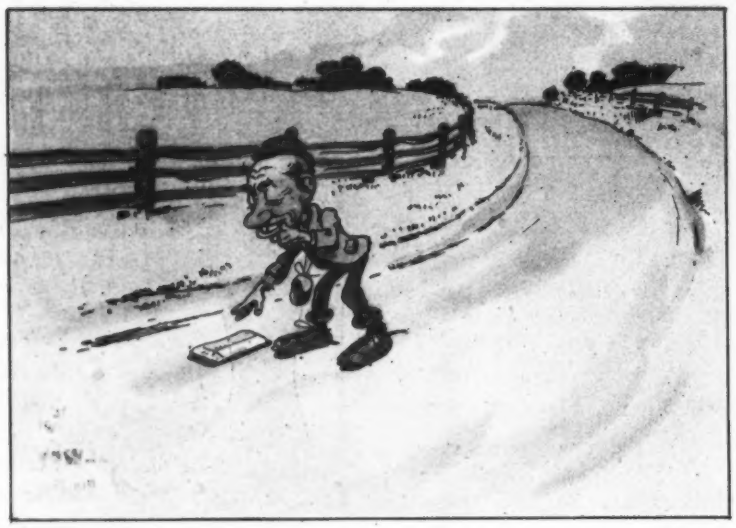
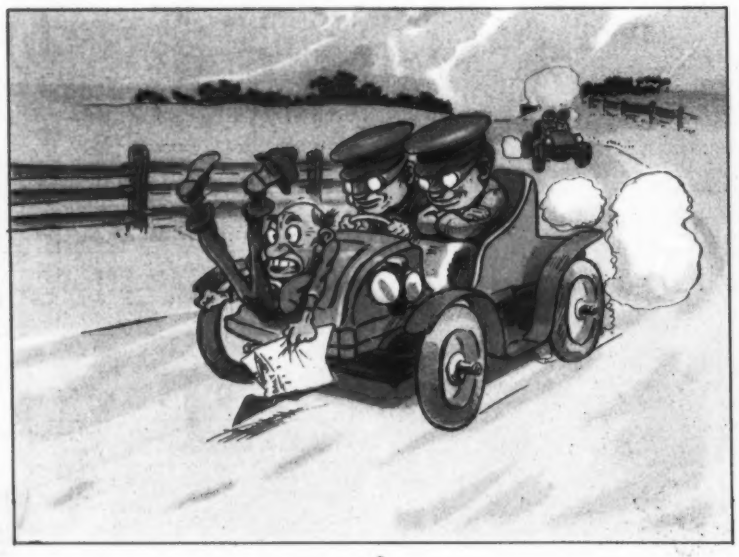
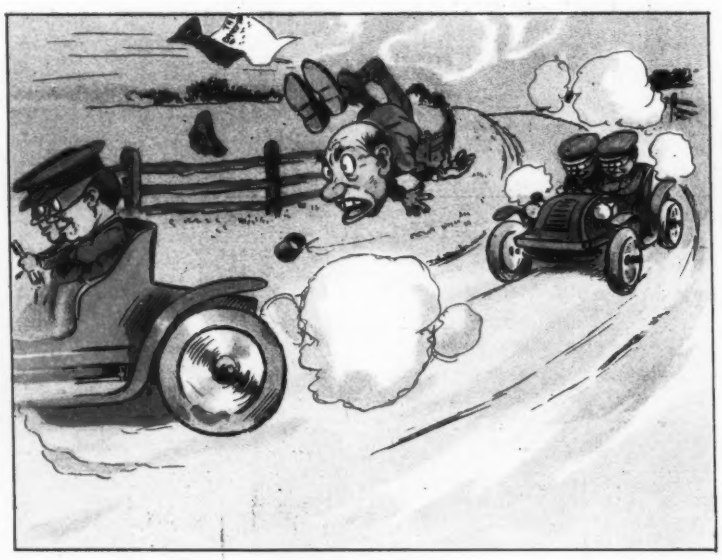


1.
MOBILIZED MULRY—"Ah, somethin' doin' here. I'll jest pick it up.——

2.
——Dis is good! It says in dis paper dat autermobiles——



3.
——will soon come——



4.
——widin de reach——

5.
——uv all——

6.
——an' dat's no newspaper lie, needer. I got mine!"

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HE GOT HIS AUTOMOBILE ALL RIGHT.

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Swipes—"Who is dat kid yer so polite to, Muggs? Is his daddy a millionaire?"

Muggs—"Millionaire? Huh! Why dat guy's brudder is de ticket-taker at de ball-groun's!"—*Chicago News.*

"I's glad to see all dis here philanthropy goin' on," said Uncle Eben; "but I reckon it's gwinter be a good while befo' you sees as big a crowd at a free library as you does at a baseball game."—*Washington Star.*

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's, the Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

He (dejectedly)—"Is this final? Is there no hope for me?"

She—"Oh! there must be some hope. There are lots of other girls who are not so particular.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Jack—"You don't mean to say you had the nerve to propose to Miss Hawty-Gould?"

Ned—"Yep; and, whew! you should have seen her."

Jack—"Made you feel small, I bet."

Ned—"Small? Why, I couldn't see myself in a mirror after it without the aid of a magnifying glass."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Lawson—"Do you believe in luck?"

Dawson (grumpily)—"Yes; bad luck."

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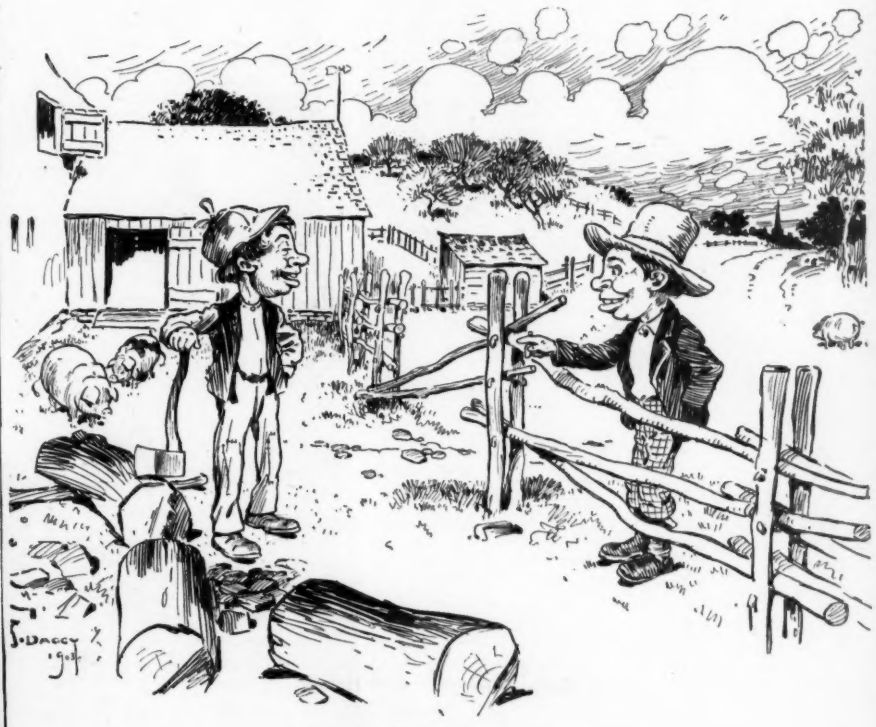

IN PODUNK.

JOSH MEDDERS—"W'ot did ye pay ter see 'Hamlet' last night?"
JAKE WHIFFLETREE—"Thirty cents."
JOSH MEDDERS—"Come off! I seen ye 'way up in th' top gallery."
JAKE WHIFFLETREE—"Wa-al, I paid twenty cents fer eggs."

"Come in here a minute. I want to buy you a good cigar."

"You don't have to do that just because I gave you one yesterday. Besides, you know, I don't smoke."

"I know; but I want you to keep it and give it to me the next time you have occasion to offer me a cigar."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Barnes Tormer (as Hamlet)—"There is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

Voice (from the gallery)—"You're it, old man."—*Smart Set.*

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